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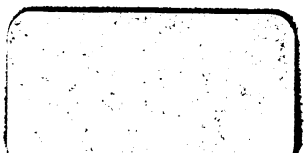
My Scrap Book

Louise Stockton Andrews



Some folks might call these "efforts,"
Or "trial bits," perhaps,
And though they may be either,
I think I'll call them "scraps."

KE5876

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By Frederic H. Andrews
Plainfield, N. J.

I

His Honor-Roll

The hardest battles ever fought,
  The greatest victories won,
Are fought with never a comrade near,
  With never a shot or a gun.

It may be a battle with terrible pain,
  Or a struggle with mind or with soul;
But GOD who is watching His soldiers knows
  The ones on His Honor-roll.

II

It was "boy" and "girl" long, long ago;
  It's "boy" and "girl" today.
And no matter how old we grow, I hope
  It will always be that way.

We'll let the other folks grow up,
  To them we'll grow up, too,
But we will just be "boy" and "girl"
  When there's only "me" and "you."

III

Huis ten Bosch

The "Huis ten Bosch" that I love best
Is as much a maker of peace and rest,

As the famous one in a far-off land
Whose walls were wrought by a master-hand.

Instead of the walls of the palace fine,
The other is made of birch and pine;

Instead of the pools is a wonderful lake,
GOD dotted with islands for beauty's sake.

Instead of the park is a forest wild
That gives you the heart of a little child.

The peace of the one is as great as can
Be wrought by the limited power of man.

The peace of the other springs from the sod;
'Tis the boundless, limitless peace of GOD.

IV

Getting Ready for Church

There are washrags and soap,
  And clean Sunday faces,
There are father's high hat,
  And mother's good laces.
There are shoes to be shined
  And a tie to be tied
That's either too narrow,—
  Or else it's too wide.
There's a sash, or a curl
  That always goes wrong;
A bonnet's on crooked
  Or a "petti's" too long.
There are "hankies" to see to,
  And odd gloves to mate,
And then at the end
  Some one's sure to be late.
But GOD sees it all,
  And His blessing He'll double,
For He loves them for taking
  Such pains and such trouble.

V

The Other Side

It's a joyous thing to be young and gay,
With nothing to do but be happy all day,
Thinking of clothes and the dance or the
play—
It's a joyous thing to be young and gay.

It's a joyous thing unless you know
The way that others have to go,
The ones who stand the pain and throe—
It's a joyous thing—unless you know.

But if you see the real, real fight,
Then too much fun does not seem right;
What dazzled seems like candle light
If you but see the real, real light.

VI

The Top of the World

On the very, very top of the World
  Is the place I'd like to be,
With nothing there but the wild free air—
  And the birds and the wind and me.

I'd let my hair blow every way,
  I'd feel the wind on my face;
My skirts would fly, and the birds swoop by,
  Oh, the top of the World's the place.

VII

To My Playmate

Memorial day in the afternoon,
  As the sun went down in the West;
The soul of my dear old Playmate
  Sank peacefully to rest.

The end of that long and beautiful life,
  Like the close of that perfect day,
Lingered and went, and lingered again,
  Then silently slipt away.

Altho' it was hard to let her go,
  My Playmate, so loved and dear;
I feel as if like the afterglow
  Her presence hovers here.

And, just as the sun keeps shining,
  Altho' in a different place;
I know that in some more wonderful Land
  I shall see my Playmate's face.

VIII

The Glimpse

I was all alone on a mountain,
  Far off were the lights of a town;
And after the going down of the sun,
  The distant stars shone down.

The height and the depth and the distance
  Seemed infinite to me,—
As tho' I had had a tiny glimpse
  Of God's eternity.
  April, 1912.

IX

The Wind

Gipsies, flying in the air,
Wandering here and everywhere,
Where do you come from? Where do you
go?
What is it makes you blow, blow, blow?

You make great billows in the grass,
And kiss the daisies as you pass,
You seem to do just as you please
Whistling tunes among the trees.

And then again you rush and roar,
And beat the waves back from the shore.
Some naughty things that are done by you
Are worse than those real gipsies do.

Gipsies, flying in the air,
Wandering here and everywhere;
Does GOD just let you have your way
To roam around by night and day?

X

The Loom

In each of us is an inner room,
Where stands a tall and stately loom.
We weave on the loom, day after day,
The things that we think, and do, and say,
Only GOD can see the whole
Of the mystic pattern of the soul.

XI

True Friendship Land

Away from the land of Here, you go,
  Away to your self-made land,
Where the things that are real, and the
    things ideal,
  Are bound by a great dream-band.

The vesper bell is the signal to start,
  The voyage consists of a prayer
For your friends,—then the journey ends,
  And they're waiting for you, There.

Yes, There is the place where they all may
    go,
  And There they all understand,
So that never a word need ever be heard,
  For there is True Friendship Land.

At last you come back from that land that
    you love,
  And from those who to you are so dear;
With new power and love and strength from
    above
  To do what God wills you to, here.

XII

Being in Bed

I s'pose my friends all pity me
  For lying here in bed,
With horrid medicines to take
  And pillows at my head.

But then, if they could only guess
  One tenth the things I see,
Or half the things I think of,—
  They wouldn't pity me.

For they go hurrying all around,
  They never stop to think;
They have so many things to do
  They scarce take time to wink.

And 'tho I s'pose when I am well,
  I'll do as well folks do;
I'm learning lots of things in bed,
  And then,—I'm happy, too.

June, 1912.

XIII

Nothing,—Unless

Nothing can help to while away
The endless hours of a painful day.

Nothing can help to ease the fight
With unceasing pain, in a sleepless night.

Nothing, unless you remember it's true
That the Friend-of-the-sick-folk is close to you.

June, 1912.

XIV

My Sunbeam

I know the sweetest sunbeam
  That's brimming full of light;
I even think my sunbeam smiles
  When fast asleep at night.

No matter if it's rainy
  And everywhere there's gloom,
You'd think the sun was shining
  With my sunbeam in the room.

She seldom walks sedately,
  But flies along the stair;
Except in church on Sunday
  She's dancing everywhere.

My sunbeam isn't big and fat,
  Nor is she very small;
She isn't thin and very short,
  Nor yet so very tall.

Who is she? that's a secret,
  And I'll never "let you in";
But this I'll say, to help you guess,
  Her first name's CAROLINE.

XV

Why should we shrink from suffering,
  And dread the thought of pain?
Surely we know that GOD will send
  Strength and relief again.

Why should we shrink from suffering?
  'Tis a wonderful gift from above.
For every ounce of pain that GOD sends
  Is wrapped up in a pound of love.

Why should we shrink from suffering?
  'Tho perhaps we can't understand,
If we keep our eyes on Christ's dear face
  'Tis not hard to bear His hand.

XVI

Little Things

It's the little things you do, dear,
That make it bright each day,
It's the little acts of kindness
That smooth the hard, rough way.

It may be only a flower;
It may be only a look;
It may be that you smiled first, dear;
It may be only a book.

But no matter how tiny it seems, dear;
The kindness makes it swell,—
Yes, it's just the little things, dear,
That are always sure to tell.

April, 1912.

XVII

Lonesome Hours

When nurse goes out, and takes the light;
Then begins the long, dark night.
And as I lie here, wide awake,
I hear the tall trees toss and shake.
I hear the people on the walk,
I hear them laugh, I hear them talk;
And now and then—away off far,
I hear a buzzing trolley car.
And sometimes in his tree-top sleep,
A startled bird gives a drowsy peep.
I hear the whip-poor-will's strange cry,
And the gulping frogs in a marsh nearby.
Then sunlight drives the stars away,
And whispers to the birds, "It's day."
I hear the carts down in the street,
And once again I hear men's feet.
I'm glad for then I know at last
The lonesome hours of night are past.

June, 1912.

XVIII

The Land of the Unexpressed

One day GOD let me be a guest
In the treasure land of the unexpressed.
I found art there that no human hand
Could ever have made in the Realized Land.
There were thoughts and thoughts, and yearnings, too,
For which our words would never do.

There were dreamed-of homes, at last complete,
Where sounded the patter of tiny feet.
I knew that the love in that wonderful place,
Was just the reflection of GOD'S own face.

Some day, when we finish our earthly quest,
We shall claim our own, our unexpressed.
For GOD, who gave it, is guarding it, too,
And keeping it safe for me and for you.

June, 1912.

XIX

Ceiling Things

When I lay in my narrow, white hospital bed,
And could only see things above my head,
To help me forget the bad hurt feeling,
I used to make things of the cracks in the ceiling.
I saw horses and kites, a fish and a hen;
And cities and mountains, and rivers and men.
Then sometimes across my ceiling town,
A fly would walk, all upside-down.
And once a spider, that seemed all feet,
Built his house where the two walls meet.
But when I got tired of the things on the wall,
I'd fall asleep,—and forget them all.

June, 1912.

XX

A Little Foreigner

Cocky English sparrow,
  In your black cravat;
Bobbing round your tiny head,
  Wondering where you're at;

Chirping loud and ceaselessly,
  Making lots of noise;
Target for the slings and guns
  Of all the naughty boys.

Long ago they brought you,
  From far across the seas,
To kill the harmful insects
  That were eating up our trees.

But now you're grown so many,
  That folks call you a pest;
But of all your feathered tree-mates
  I think I love you best.

XXI

First Love

I was right in the midst of a battle;
With all my soldier boys,
When bed time came, and Nannie
Took away my toys.

I kicked and I fought in earnest,
And was horrid as I could be;
But Nannie carried me off to my room,
For she was bigger than me.

But when I got in my nightie,
And felt like a tiny nap,
I was only too glad, I can tell you,
To climb into Nannie's big lap.

I kissed her over and over,
Till she just about lost her breath;
I called her pet names by the hundreds,
And hugged her most nearly to death.

I told her I always would love her,
From then till the end of my life,
And when I got bigger like Daddy
I surely would make her my wife.

Then Nannie sang to me softly,
In her voice that was way down deep,
Until, in the arms of my sweetheart,
I shamelessly fell asleep.

June, 1912.

XXII

My Own, Own Home

There are lots and lots of dreams I dream,
  But the best of all that come,—
The one that's the clearest, the one that's dearest,
  Is my own, own home.

I dream of it in the daytime,
  And when I lie in bed,
It's such a part of my very heart,
  That I see it all in my head.

I know which way it faces;
  How far it is from the street;—
The driveway, too, where it runs thru,
  In my dreams it is all complete.

It's just a bit of heaven
  That I couldn't describe if I tried,
But I wish you could look into every nook
  Of my own, own home inside.

My home is only of dreams now,
  Perhaps it will always be;
And yet I feel that nothing real
  Can take it away from me.
June, 1912.

XXIII

Really?

Sometimes, I think, I'm in a dream,
That things aren't really as they seem;
That I will waken up some day,
To find things back the same old way.

That this has just been given me,
To show the way that things might be.
Are things really as they seem,
Or am I living in a dream?
June, 1912.

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